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"It's too dangerous Rusty! You can't leave me!"

smudge's eyes widened as he blocked Rusty from jumping off the picket fence, and into the woods.

"Smudge," Rusty's green eyes flicked towards the woods, then back to him.

"Why don't you just come with me?" Rusty suggested, tilting his head.

Smudge backed up, but looked curiously beyond Rusty's head. He wondered if the rumors that his friend, Henry had told him, were true.

"Come with you? To the woods? I--No! I can't! My two legs will miss me!

"Come on, smudge!" Rusty hissed impatiently.

"What's better in there--" He gestured towards the house

"Then out in the forest?!" he yowled. And bared over Smudge, (Secretly, Rusty was hoping to see how well Smudge could fight back to a towering cat.)

Smudge hissed and swiped at Rusty, cuffing his ear.

"Leave me alone, Rusty! I don't want to go into that forest!"

Rusty rubbed his ear, surprised at Smudge's reaction.

"Hey Smudge." Rusty looked towards the black and white cat.

"What?" Smudge asked.

"You could be a good fighter." Rusty pointed out. "And if you didn't want to stay with the wild cats, you could always leave. Please Smudge? Please come?"

Smudge slumped down.

"Fine, I'll come."